

# A WOMAN INTERVENES

BY ROBERT BARR.  
Author of "The Face and Mask," "In the  
Midst of Alarms," etc.

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**CHAPTER I.**  
The managing editor of the New York Argus sat at his desk with a deep frown on his face, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows at the young man who had just thrown a huge report over the back of one chair, while he sat down himself on another.

"I got your telegram," began the editor. "Am I to understand from it that you have failed?"

"Yes, sir," answered the young man without the slightest hesitation.

"Completely?"

"Utterly."

"Did you even get a synopsis of the documents?"

"Not a hanged synop."

The editor's frown grew deeper. The ends of his fingers drummed nervously on the desk.

"You take failure rather jauntily, it strikes me," he said at last.

"What's the use of taking it any other way? I have the consciousness of knowing that I did my best."

"Un, yes. It's great consolation, no doubt, but it doesn't count in the newspaper business."

"I received your telegram at Montreal and at once left for Burlington—most outlandish spot on earth. I found that Kenyon and Wentworth were staying at the only hotel in the place. Tried to worm out of them what their reports were to be. They were very polite, but I didn't succeed. Then I tried to bribe them, and they ordered me out of the room."

"Perhaps you didn't offer them enough."

"I offered double what the London syndicate was to pay for making the reports, taking their own word for it. The amount I couldn't offer more, because at that point they closed the discussion by ordering me out of the room. I tried to get the reports that night, on the quiet, out of Wentworth's valise, but was unfortunately interrupted. The young men were sleeping, and next morning they left for Ottawa to post the reports, as I gathered afterward, to England. I succeeded in getting hold of the reports, but I couldn't hang on. There are too many police in Ottawa to suit me."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the editor, "that you actually had the reports in your hands, and that they were taken from you?"

"Certainly I had; and as to their being taken from me, it was either that or jail. They don't nurse matters in Canada, as they do in the United States, you know."

"But I should think a man of your shrewdness would have been able to get at least a synopsis of the reports before letting them out of your possession."

"My dear sir," said the reporter, rather angry, "the whole thing is so simple that I forgot how many pages of foolscap paper, and was the most stupid matter I ever saw in my life. I tried—I sat in my room at the hotel and did my best to master the details. It was full of technicalities, and I couldn't make it out. It required a finding expert to get the hang of their phrases and figures, so I thought the best thing to do was to telegraph it all straight through to New York. I knew it would cost a lot of money, but I knew, also, you didn't mind that, and I thought, perhaps, somebody here could make sense out of what baffled me; besides, I wanted to get the documents out of my possession just as quickly as possible."

"Hem," said the editor. "You took no notes whatever?"

"No, I did not. I had no time. I knew the moment they missed the documents they would have the detectives on my track. As it was, I was arrested when I entered the telegraph office."

"Well, it seems to me," said the managing editor, "if I had once had the papers in my hand, I should not have let them go until I had got the gist of what was in them."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say so," replied the reporter, with a free and easy manner which existed between American newspaper men and their employers. "but I can tell you, with a Canadian jail facing a man, it is hard to decide what is best to do. I couldn't get out of the town for three hours, and before the end of that time they would have had my description in the hands of every policeman in the place. They knew well enough who it was who took the papers, so my only hope lay in getting the thing telegraphed through, and if that had been accomplished everything would have been all right. I would have gone to jail with pleasure if I had got the particulars through to New York."

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked the editor.

"I'm sure I don't know. The two men who left New York yesterday, may say, I understand, in the morning, they leave in a week. If you think you have a reporter who can get the particulars out of these men, I can get very pleased to see you set him on. I tell you, it isn't so easy to discover what an Englishman doesn't want you to know."

"Well," said the editor, "perhaps that's true. I will think about it. Of course, you did your best, and I appreciate your efforts, but I am sorry you failed."

"You are not to blame for my failure," said Rivers, as he picked up his big Canadian fur coat and took his leave.

The editor did think about it. He thought for full two minutes, then he picked up a note on a sheet of paper, pulled down the little knob that rang the district messenger alarm, and when the uniformed boy appeared gave him the note, saying to the messenger:

"Deliver this as quickly as you can."

The boy disappeared, and the result of his trip was soon apparent in the arrival of a very hasty young man in the editor's room. She was dressed in a neatly fitted tailor-made costume, and was a very pretty girl, who looked about 18, but was, in reality, considerably older. She had large, appealing, blue eyes, with a tender, trusting expression in them, which made the ordinary man say, "what a sweet, innocent look that girl has!" and the young woman didn't know about New York was not worth knowing. She boasted that she could get statistics from the members of the cabinet, and an ordinary Senator or Congressman she looked upon as her lawful prey. What had been told to her in the strictest confidence had often become the sensation of the next day in the paper she represented. She wrote over a non de guerre, and had tried her hand at nearly everything. She had exposed adventurists, had gone to the chamberlain in order to write her experiences. She had been arrested and locked up, so that she might write a three-column account for the Sunday edition of the Argus, of "How Women Are Treated at Police Headquarters."

"What sort of mince were they dealing with—gold, silver, copper, or what?"

"They are certain minces on the Ottawa silver."

"That's rather indefinite."

"I know it is. I can't give you much information about the matter. I don't know myself, to tell the truth, but I know it is vitally important that we should get a synopsis of what the reports of these young men are to be. A company, called the London Syndicate, has been formed in England. The syndicate is to acquire a large number of mines in Canada, if the accounts given by the present owners are anything like correct. Two men, Kenyon and Wentworth, the first a mining engineer, the second an expert accountant, have been sent from London to Canada, on one examination, the other to examine the books of the various corporations. Whether the accounts are bought or not will depend a good deal on the reports that these two men have in their possession. The reports, when published, will make a big difference, one way or the other, on the stock exchange. I want to have the gist of these reports before the London syndicate sees them. It will be a big thing for the Argus if it is the first in the field, and I am willing to spend a pile of hard cash to succeed. So don't economize on your cable expenses."

"Very well. Have you a book on Canadian mines?"

"I don't know that we have, but there is a book here, the 'Mining Descriptions of Canada,' which will be of any use."

"I shall need something of that sort. I want to be a little familiar with the subject, you know."

"Quite so," said the editor. "I will see what can be got in that line. You can read it before you start and on the way over."

"All right," said Miss Jennie, "and am I to take my pick of the two young men?"

"Certainly," answered the editor. "You will see them both and can easily make up your mind which will be the sooner fall a victim."

"The colorless this week, does it?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall need at least \$500 to get new dresses with."

"Good gracious," said the editor. "There's no 'good gracious' about it. I'm going to travel as a millionaire's daughter, and it isn't likely that one or two dresses will do me any harm."

"But you can't afford to make dresses in a hurry," said the editor. "You don't think \$400 would do, hey?"

"No, I don't. I have no time. I knew the moment they missed the documents they would have the detectives on my track. As it was, I was arrested when I entered the telegraph office."

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of the tables. The smaller side tables were still uncovered, because the number of passengers at that season of the year was comparatively small. As the places were assigned, one of the helpers to the purser wrote the names of passengers on small cards, and the other put the cards on the tables.

One young woman, in a beautifully fitted traveling gown, evidently of the newest cut and design, stood a little apart from the general group which surrounded the purser and his assistants. She eagerly scanned every face, and listened anxiously to the names given. Sometimes a shade of disappointment crossed her brow, as if she expected some particular person to possess some particular name which that particular person did not have. At last her eyes sparkled.

"My name is Wentworth," said the young man whose turn it was.

"Ah, that is a very pleasant name," said the purser, blandly, as if he had known Wentworth all his life.

"No, we don't care where we sit, but my friend, Mr. Kenyon, and myself would like places together."

"Very good; you had better come to my table," replied the purser. "Numbers 23 and 24—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Wentworth," asked the purser, blandly, as if he had known Wentworth all his life.

"No, we don't care where we sit, but my friend, Mr. Kenyon, and myself would like places together."

"Very good; you had better come to my table," replied the purser. "Numbers 23 and 24—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Wentworth," asked the purser, blandly, as if he had known Wentworth all his life.

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"I don't know about that," she said. "I am going to the Moon and Americans—Paris. My father is to meet me there, and we are going on to the Riviera together."

"Ah, that will be very pleasant," said Wentworth. "The Riviera at this season is certainly a place to be desired."

"So I have heard," she replied.

"Have you been there before?"

"No, this is my first voyage. I suppose you have crossed many times?"

"Oh, no," answered the Englishman, "this is my second voyage; my first having been the one that took me to America."

"Ah, then, you are not an American," returned Miss Brewster, with a pleasant surprise. She imagined that a man so generally flattered was a man of this kind. No matter how proud he may be of his country, it shows that there is certainly no provincialism about him that, as the Americans say, "gave him away."

"I think you are right," said Wentworth, "as a general thing, I don't take for anything but what I am an Englishman."

"I have met so few Englishmen," said the young woman, "that I really I should not be expected to know."

"I understand it is a common delusion among Americans that every Englishman drops his 'ah' and is to be detected in that way."

Jennie laughed again, and George Wentworth returned Miss Brewster's pleasant surprise. She imagined that a man so generally flattered was a man of this kind. No matter how proud he may be of his country, it shows that there is certainly no provincialism about him that, as the Americans say, "gave him away."

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# A Grand Record

The Remarkable Cures of Dr. Walker During the Past Year.

The Wonder and Admiration of the People and the Profession.

You May See the Doctor Free of Charge.

Read the Following Testimonials:

Mr. S. M. Russell, a clerk in one of the largest shoe stores in the city, and who resides at 1808 S. Street, writes, gives what we believe to be an almost unequalled experience.

"I have been," said Mr. Russell to the writer, "afflicted with constipation, dyspepsia, and nervous debility for several years, trembling on the slightest excitement and suffering great mental and physical agony. What I ate distressed me; in fact, it just laid in my stomach and rotted. My bowels never moved without artificial aid, and this, in turn, made me very nervous. After consulting several physicians without receiving any benefit, I was induced to go to Dr. Walker by a friend whom I knew to be a good man. Now, after three weeks' treatment, my stomach and bowels have entirely regained their former strength, and the nervousness and trembling which almost incapacitated me from my work, has completely ceased."

**A POLICEMAN'S STRUGGLE.**  
Mr. E. Cleveland, a policeman, with headquarters at police station No. 2, says: "For years I have suffered terribly with catarrh of the nose, throat and stomach. There were periods of extreme depression, accompanied by cough, vomiting, vertigo and melancholia. In fact, there have been times when I felt that I was going to give up. Now, after having been under Dr. Walker's care for only a short time, I feel relieved, refreshed, and go about my duty with renewed vigor. I can most heartily recommend Dr. Walker's treatment, for he has accomplished more in a short time what others failed to do in years. I will, with pleasure, be glad to give the name of all who call on me at police station No. 2."

Mr. John Hall, of 627 E. Street, northeast, a straightforward gentleman, a stateroomer by trade, in an interview a few days ago, said: "I have suffered for fifteen years with a terrible ailment on my left arm, extending from above the elbow almost to the wrist. My blood was impure, and I tried many doctors. And all the patent remedies that I ever heard of. The bone at the elbow joint was almost protruding, and there was imminent danger of my losing the use of my arm entirely. In the end, I went to Dr. Walker two weeks ago. Now after three weeks' treatment, my arm is almost well, my blood is in good condition, and my health is improved. But for Dr. Walker's treatment, I have been a helpless cripple or have lost my life."

**A CASE OF CATARRH.**  
Catarrh is the most common of all chronic diseases, and whereas in its incipency it cannot be called a dangerous disease, if allowed to run on, it becomes a chronic ailment, not only makes miserable the life of the sufferer, but may lead to serious trouble. The account that Mr. J. M. Newell, who resides at 228 Twenty-first street, northwest, gives of his case is like thousands of others, still suffering in Washington to-day.

"I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head and throat for many years," said Mr. Newell, "and when I first went to Dr. Walker I was as near being a complete wreck as a man could be and still be able to get on his feet. I had pain in the head, dizziness, cough, bad taste in the mouth, morning sickness, and was very much emaciated and run down, and now after six weeks' treatment, I feel that I am entirely well. I have gained fifteen pounds in weight and feel that I owe Dr. Walker my life."

These are but a few of that long list of afflicted persons who have consulted Dr. Walker, and been cured. If he can cure all these, he can cure you.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from the effects of their own bad habits, or of excesses, or men contemplating marriage who are conscious of any impediment or disqualification, or those who feel their health is run down, and are beginning to consult Dr. Walker, who has been the means of restoring hundreds of such unfortunate to health, strength and happiness.

His address is 111 Pennsylvania avenue, adjoining Willard's Hotel, open daily for consultation and treatment. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8, Sundays, 10 to 12.

**You Cannot Eat**  
Have your breakfast? You should try a dish of delicious VIENNA or FRANKFURTER sausage. Have it served steaming hot, just off the fire—and the very fragrance will give you an appetite. Every grocer keeps it.

**N. AUTH.**  
Factory, 684-690 V. ave. sw. Wholesale House, 684-690 D. st. w. Retail, 684-690 S. 1st St. Market (Seventh St. wing). 684-690 Northern Liberty Market.

**READ THE SILVER KNIGHT.**  
Edited by Senator WILLIAM M. STEWART, of Nevada.  
For sale at all news stands. Price, 5 cents. Subscribers, \$1.00 per year.  
Published 1895 New York Avenue.

**FOR RENT—ROOMS.**  
Two front rooms, unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping; heat, light, and bath; private family 1204 12th st. n. w.

**FOR RENT—FURNITURE.**  
Two rooms, 2d floor, for complete housekeeping; heat, light, and bath; cooking utensils, dishes, gas, bath, heat, refrigerator, and sewing machine. 301 19th st. n. w., near Smithsonian.

**FOR SALE—LOTS.**  
For Sale—Three beautiful building lots, very cheap, or will exchange. Address OWNER, 1300 V. ave. n. w.

**HELP WANTED—FEMALE.**  
Every lady her own dressmaker by wearing the self-fitting tailor system; lessons, 25 cents in advance; perfect fit; pattern cut to measure; stylish suits made from \$5 up; skirts made to order. 235 11th st. n. w.

**WANTED—FURNITURE.**  
Wanted—Furniture, including a bed, for a young man with a good education, and good pay to suitable applicant. Address JAMES, this office, 111.

**HELP WANTED—MALE.**  
Wanted—Strong, active boy in a large bicycle establishment; must be able to do all kinds of work. Address JAMES, this office, 111.

**FOR SALE—HOUSES.**  
For Sale—6-room frame house, cor. 10th and L. st. n. w.; water and sewer; \$1,150; \$200 cash, \$950 on terms. House rents at \$9. JOHN F. DONOHUE, 308 East Capitol st.

**TOPHEAVY NAMES.**  
Odd Patronyms Recalled by One of the Victims.  
(San Francisco Call.)

"I admit that I have rather a hard name to spell or pronounce, and that is why I encourage my friends to write in regard to call me Zig," said C. O. Ziegenfuss.

"But while I make this confession as to my own outlandish patronymic, I want to understand that mine is not the worst name in the world. Once, while I was doing newspaper work in Denver, our editor advertised for a new office boy. A bright, appearing young fellow, with a mild look in his face, answered the call and said he was ready to go to work."

"All right," said the city editor, "let me ask your name." The lad hesitated a moment and eventually blurted out a name which bore the name Hermann V. Morgenauergelien."

"Very well, Mr. Morgenauergelien," said the editor. "Take this name and add any other name that may be made. But first let me introduce you to the members of the staff. My name is Dickensness. This fair-haired gentleman here is Mr. Folger. The brunette on your right is Mr. Eklengreen, and the gentleman with the syphilek form is Mr. Ziegenfuss."

These were all genuine names, but the new office boy, who had not been in the city long, was so taken by the names that he was on his dignity in a moment and said: "I will have to go to understand, sir, that I came here to work, and not to be joshed. I do not propose to stay in a place where I am humiliated. Good-day, sir."

"Clapping his hand on his head, he left. We tried to call him back, but it was no use. This story, led to the discovery of a card to strange names. I used to know a man named Missouri named Annie Anichio Benzali Maria Penish Hildrich Dickinson Thompson and Bob Lewis. I have seen a card of Quille tell of a colored boy in Washington City, who bore the cognominal burden of Thomas Didymus Christopher Holmes Henry Cardinal Peter Jones Henry Clay Anderson."

**Playing Card Figures.**  
There are but few persons, even among the historians, antiquaries, and the general public, who have the least idea of the significance of the figures on playing cards. In very early times the four suits represented the four principal trades followed by the people and the figures on the cards were supposed to be symbols of the four seasons. The spade was the symbol of the children of ecclesiastics, and in all early cards, besides the figure of the heart, each card also bore a rude picture of a monk's cow or of his cloak and crooked staff.

Some authorities say that the cut of the early month's clock was in the form of a heart, and that the figure used to-day is but a representation or picture of that portion of the old prelate's wearing apparel. The "spade" is really a pike, or spearhead, and was originally the trademark of the soldier, typifying the nobility of that very important branch of ancient "industry." The artisans in general are represented either by a mason's arch or by a diamond-shaped roofing tile. The former, being somewhat unlikely to figure, gradually gave way to the tile, which is still used and called a "diamond" because of its shape. The farmers, or great class of agricultural laborers, were given the symbol, which was originally a wheat head or sheaf of wheat bound up with a cornucopia.

# BASEBALL!!

NATIONAL BASEBALL PARK,  
Thursday, October 10,  
WASHINGTON POST  
—VS—  
WASHINGTON TIGERS.  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF W. W. KOLLS.  
Admission, 50c. Game called 5:30.

**VIRGINIA J**